A

LETTER

FROM

NO BODY

In the *CITY*,

TO

NO BODY

In the *COUNTREY*.

Publiſhed at the Importunity of NO BODY.

LONDON, Printed for SOME-BODY, 1679.

A LETTER FROM NO BODY In the CITY, TO NO BODY In the COUNTRY.

Occasioned at the Importunity of NO BODY.

LONDON, Printed for SOME-BODY, 1679.

Dear Brother,

IT hath been thought an old Blot in our Escutcheon, a Reproach to our Name and Family, that we are all not only averse from good Offices, but do all the ill ones, all the mischief done by others, who for Reasons best known to themselves, walk in an invisible Cloak, and force one of us to own whatever they are ashamed to be seen in themselves. They clip the Kings *English*, Truth, Coin most false Reports, and malicious Forgeries, write Seditious Pamphlets, affront Government, cast Dirt upon Religion, mock God himself, Rob Men of their Goods, or their good Name, (the far greater Treasure) and all this to gratifie and gull a many-headed Beast called the *Vulgar*, that is ever ready to be rid by, and believe them, (provided always, and be it further Enacted, that they don't say *True*) and then father all their Villanies upon us; for if you make enquiry for the Author, and his Complices, the guilty wretches cry out with one Voice, *No-Body* did it. I should be endless, and swell my Letter into a Volume, if I should go about to enumerate all the wrongs they have done, do daily, and will ever do us to the end of the Chapter: for there is no manner of Harm or Roguery acted throughout the year, between *Dover* in *Kent*, and the Town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed* (to go no farther) be it of the First, Second, Third, or Thirtieth Rate, from Killing

a Man to crushing a Worm, from Firing a Town to Breaking a *Venice* Glass, or cracking a *China* Dish, but the Faulty shift it off from themselves (if possible) and upon Inquest, *No-Body* is found Guilty: nay the World is come to that pass of late that they are not content to slander, and lay all their own faults upon us, that are as innocent as the Child unborn, but they insolently make Taunts and Proverbs of us into the Bargain; and when they have a mind to affright their Children, they cry *No-Body* comes, as if we were a kind of *Gorgons*, or Devils: and upon every turn they are ready to say, that which is *Every-Bodies* work, is *No-Bodies* work, though never so much against their own consciences, never so palpable a contradiction; for themselves know that that *Family* is no more Related to us, than we are to the Pope of *Rome*. I must confess there was once a sober Moral of that saying, before they abused and wrested it to ill works, when it was intended for good only; for to our Honour and their Shame it was spoke at first, to signifie that *No-Body* did that good which *Every-Body* joyntly or severally were obliged to do, but did it not. But waving all lesser instances of their injurious Malice, my chief Business at present is to give you to understand, that they boggle not now to charge us with the highest Crimes imaginable, no less than *Murder* in cold Blood, and unheard of *Treason*. You can't be ignorant, for all *Europe* rings of the Bloody death, and real Tragedie of that Loyal Knight Sr. E. G. such a frightful spectacle that the Sun was ashamed to behold, (for he put on his Sables and Sackcloth here not long after,) no, not of that hellish Plot, and accursed Conspiracy against the Person and Government of his Majesty of Great *Britain*, contrived, no doubt, by the two Old Enemies of Monarchy and Mankind, and yet the impudent Actors would fain lay

them both at our door; for being brought up by a lying Catechisme, they make not one true answer, but deny the whole fact to their last Breath, being trapan'd into a belief they are *Absolved* in Heaven, for *Damning* themselves solemnly upon Earth. And all this holy cheat is out of spight to us, to make the Credulous World think that *No-Body* was in the Murder, and *No-Body* in the Plot. Now I appeal to *Cæsar*, and all his loyal Subjects, whether Honest Men or Knaves, the Innocent or the Guilty ought to be sooner credited: whether his Holiness himself should be believed when he tels them any thing they know to be false, or Impossible? let them search all the Annals and Chronicles that ever were extant, from the first year of the Reign of *Adam*, the first of Monarchs, to this very day, and if they can produce one single instance that *No-Body* was ever Accused, Arraigned, Condemned, and Executed according to Law for Killing a *Man*: or that any of our Blood was ever tainted, and impeached of high Treason against so much as a King of *Fairies*, I will give them this and all the Causes in *Westminster-Hall*, and be their Bondman for ever. Whereas they all know, if they would speak out, that these have been the constant practices of *Some-Body* of the Race of *Cain* and his successors down to *Sixtus Quintus*, &c. 'Twas *Some-Body* in *Jury* that Crucified King *JESUS*: *Some-Body* in *England* that Murderd King *Charles* the First; and though there was this difference between them; that the former owned no King but *Cæsar* (looking upon this Pretender as one of another World) whereas the latter fall foul upon *Cæsar* himself, (it happening then to be an extraordinary Leap-year, which sets Subjects above their Princes) yet they both agreed in this Third: Both confes'd the Fact, Both denied the fault. These were modest in comparison to the present Tribe of *Equivocators*, who

who make nothing to diſown and abjure both Fault and Fact in the ſame unhallowed breath, in ſpight of all that clear evidence depoſed againſt them by *Some-Body* of their own Gang; but let them gorge themſelves with never ſo many Oaths of Secreſie, let them bind up their abominable Lies never ſo cloſe with Sacramental Cords, truth is great and generous, prevailing and irreſiſtable; it will be hid no longer, but like the Morning Sun, ſearch into the darkeſt corners and caverns, and bring the moſt abſtruſe Forgeries and deep-laid Villanies to Light. Murder will out at laſt; the innocent Ghoſt ſometimes appears to tell it, when the guilty Tongue will not diſcover it, a Sacred Padlock being hung upon it, call'd the *Seal* of *Confeſſion*: Treaſons kept never ſo private, though under as many Locks and Keys as *Some-Body* wears Crowns, ſhall break out by force, and diſcloſe themſelves, be the Contrivers never ſo great and powerful; be the *Roman Eagle* it ſelf in the Plot, neither Fear nor Favour can prevent or hinder ſome little *Bird of the air* from telling the matter; let all the arts and tricks be uſed which that ſhop of miſchief, the Myſtery of *Jeſuitiſm* ever forged; let them raiſe a duſt of falſe bruits to put out Mens Eyes, that they may not diſcern one truth in ſuch a crowd, yet the attempt will be vain and fooliſh at the long run; matter of fact will not be ſmothered or conceal'd for ever. No; Men grow weary now of being deceiv'd and abuſed: they begin at length to believe their own Eyes, and though the *Sorbon* Doctors, the whole College of *Jeſuits*, and Conclave of Pope and Cardinals to boot, ſhould give the contrary under their reſpective Hands and Seals, yet they cannot perſuade us here now, but *Some-Body* has been convicted, and as fairly tuck'd up for Murdering the Knight aforeſaid; and *Some Body* has already (for deſigning to Aſſaſſinate *Charles* the Second, and ſell his King-

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doms and Subjects to utmoſt Vaſſallage) been Drawn, Hang'd, and Quarter'd, without any manner of Æquivocation, or mental reſervation whatſoever; (on *Ketch* his part at leaſt;) and *Some-Body* elſe is ſtill in *Limbo* for the ſame Conſpiracy, and may ere long be brought to ask their 12 Godfathers Bleſſing; the old fatal Tree being of late grown young again, and likely to bear more ſuch fruit, ſuch ſpecial Pippins in due Seaſon. When that comes to paſs the Pope ſhall know it; mean while he may be preparing his trinkets for more Canon zation-work; for they ſay he pretends to an infinite power above other mortals: he can make Holy Idols of every contemptible chip of the Old-Block, and confer the order of Sainthood upon the vrieſt Rogue that lives and dies ſo. I'm ſure his Saints are a troubleſom kind of Cattel to us: and if he keep them not at home for the future, or teach them better *Doctrines*, and *Morals*, he and they muſt expect what follows: mean while it is worth your Note, that he hath no power to make new Saints in our Kings Dominions, and transfer them into his Bloody Calendar, without *Ketch* his aſſiſtance at the Ceremony. I ſay, the Lord of the Triple Crown, with all his omnipotence, can do no more than an ordinary Man in this matter, till the Knight of the Triple Tree, hath prepared and cut out his work for him. But of all things elſe I can't forbear obſerving to you, that this univerſal grand Uſurper is not content to Lord it over Kings, and Emperours, as if they were but his Tenants at will, and depoſe their Perſons, and diſpoſe of their Crowns, as his conſecrated Spectacles ſee occaſion, but he muſt needs encroach upon, and invade our higheſt Privileges and very Birthright, and aſſume to himſelf what belongs of right only to us, *viz.* an Exemption from all errours incident to humane nature; for let the School men and *Ignatian* Sophiſters,

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wrangle till Doomsday to the contrary; Men in their wits cannot believe but Turk, and Pope, may and do err every day, whilst (only) *No-Body* is *Infallible*.

Thus much I thought fit to write to you, concerning that same *Grey Beard* and his followers, partly for my own diversion; partly for our common Justification in matters of such moment; but chiefly because it is now a very critical hour; for the King hath this day summon'd a new Parliament to advise with against that Old Enemy: and if they do not secure King and Kingdom against him; if they do not lay aside all odious names of Distinction, and joyn as one Man, to settle Church and State, our Law and Gospel, our Lives and Liberties, our present and future Peace; if they do not sound the bottom of that accursed Plot, encourage honest Loyal Subjects, and make all Traitors and Murderers, publick Examples, *Some-Body* must certainly be in the fault, though I name

LONDON,
March, 6. 16[illegible]8.

NO-BODY.

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